



4 Burial sites in Franklin:

4 kids under tree by Ben's Little Place
1 on highway (so of) 1 mile west of Franklin
1 one mi north 1.5 miles west of town

1 one mi north of town east of rd

Francis Brooks

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THIS SIGN AS YOU
TRAVEL HIGHWAY 40
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Leah

It Happened This Way

by Clyde Kay

Wave 9-14-88

It has been said many times that if you want to know a state, one has to travel it.

So, we looked carefully at this Utah map, and sure enough, all of those little towns our neighbor said we should see, were there. All of them, beginning with Fruitland, which was the smallest one, consisting of a couple of buildings alongside the highway. Not really a town, but the postal department calls it such so we'll go along.

From there was a most interesting jaunt to this town of Tabiona that you could call a cute place. One nice grocery store and a good looking primary school, plus a few closed up, run-down buildings that may still be used for shops or storage.

This route takes on through a few green fields and some high wild desert country, but with enough bird life to keep a person alert.

Everyone we met in Tabiona seemed to be interested in visiting about whatever was your choice of subjects.

Population? Well, one denizen of this district allowed as to how there may be as many as 1,000

persons collecting mail from there.

That sounded fair enough for me, but another gentleman guessed that maybe a total of 1,500 persons would be closer. That also sounded fair enough to me, so I left them there to argue about the facts, hoping the rest of the people of Tabiona didn't mind the variance nor caused any shooting.

We were soon to find that Tabiona was typical of the rest of the places in that area. Towns that were Talmage, Mountain Home, Neola, Ballard, Gusher, LaPoint, Bluebell, Leeton, and a couple of dozen more that oozed a friendly feeling.

If you like visiting with strangers, the time spent is well worth it, especially if you are a first timer through that part of the state.

Restaurants are to be found here and there, but are not what one would call plentiful, and they welcome you with open arms. Usually one little cafe to a town, though some of these towns have no public eating establishments at all.

At one brief stop, we met a fellow, a talkative type, who asked what we may be doing in that part

of the country, and our only answer was "sightseeing."

"Sightseeing," he says as it were some kind of disease.

"I've been living in this area for thirty two years and I ain't seen nothing worth sighting yet, unless it's in the town of Duchesne."

Could be, we agreed, and headed out to Duchesne to find another restaurant, this being the first one we had tried all day.

We found one open in that town, and drew a booth right next to one that held a quartet of male diners, who seemed to agree that they were practically indispensable to whomever was lucky enough to be their employer at the present time.

And in no way could we dispute their so-called claim, nor did we want to, because their prattle was entertaining to say the least, and really made the day.

All in all, the tour into this part of the woods helped us in our desire to get to know every possible foot of the state, which, given enough years of life, will help tremendously in fulfilling that desire.